



42

MAY 96

**GAL GARDNER™**

# **WARRIOR™**



**BEAU  
CAMPOS  
DAVIS**

*Handwritten signature and date:*  
J. L. H.  
95/12  
PANOSIAN









# A GENDER BENDER IN THE BLENDER

Story  
"BEAUDELLA"  
SMITH

Pencils  
"MARCELLA"  
CAMPOS

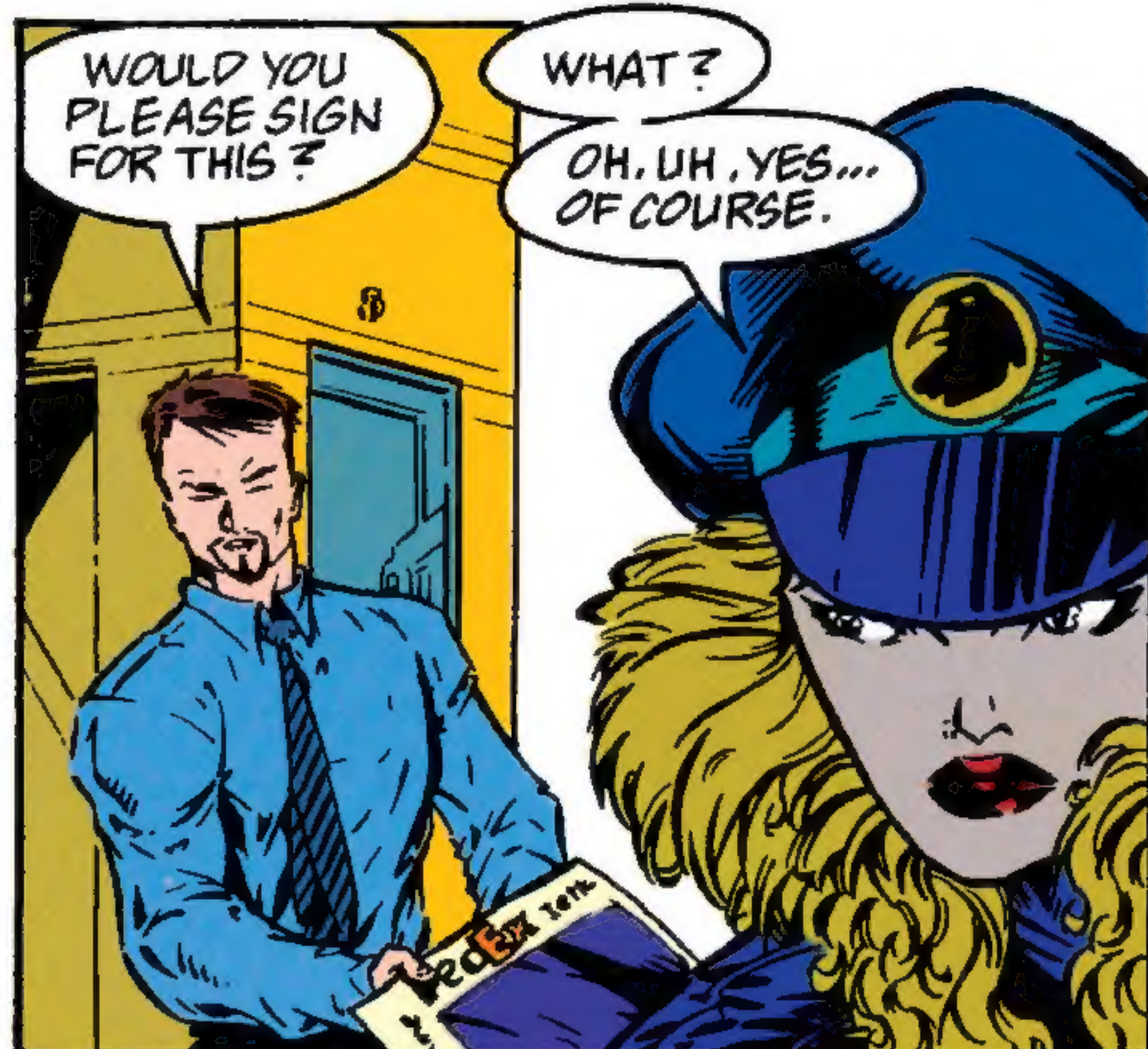
Inks  
"DANIELLE"  
DAVIS

Colors  
"LEELA"  
LOUGHRIDGE

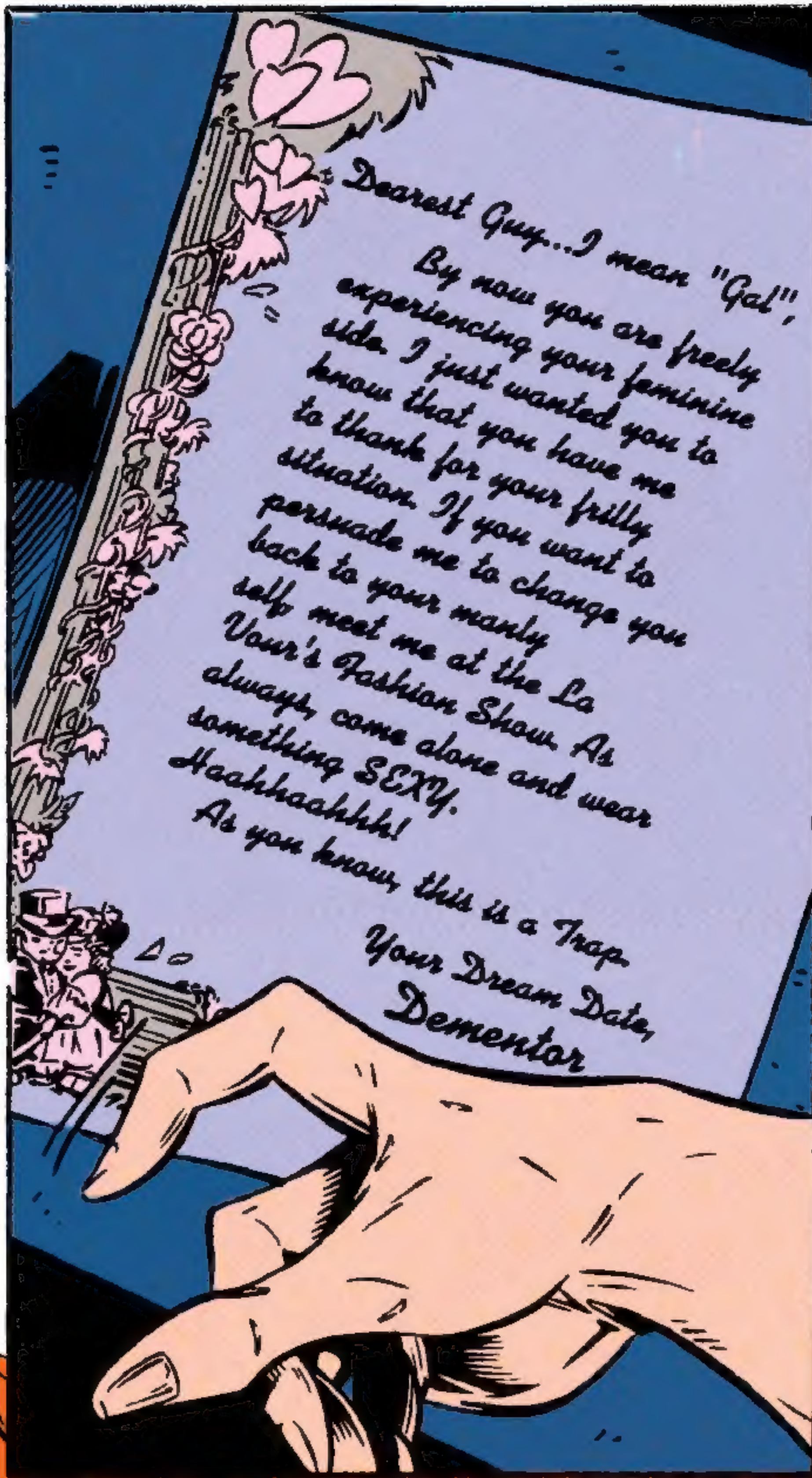
Letters  
"ALBERTA"  
DE GUZMAN

Edits  
"EDWEINA"  
BERGANZA











I'M STILL THE  
**WARRIOR**

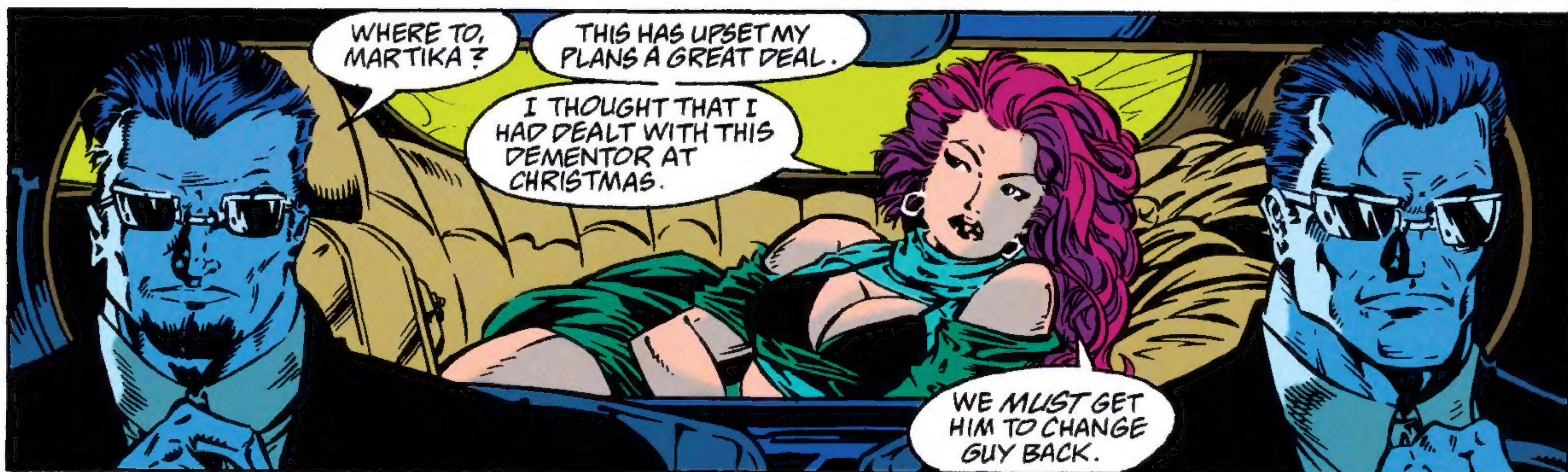
...AND I'M FEELING  
PRETTY DAMN  
POWERFUL!



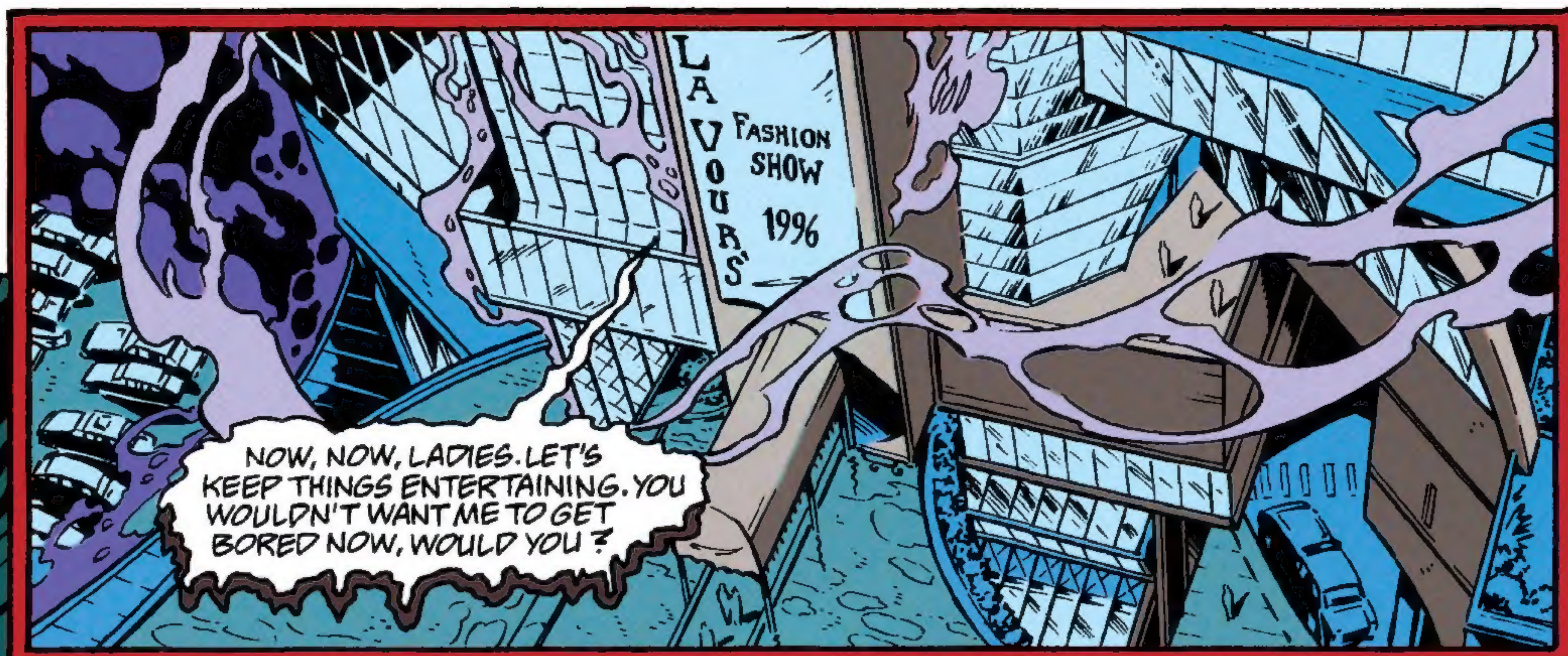












NOW, NOW, LADIES. LET'S KEEP THINGS ENTERTAINING. YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO GET BORED NOW, WOULD YOU?

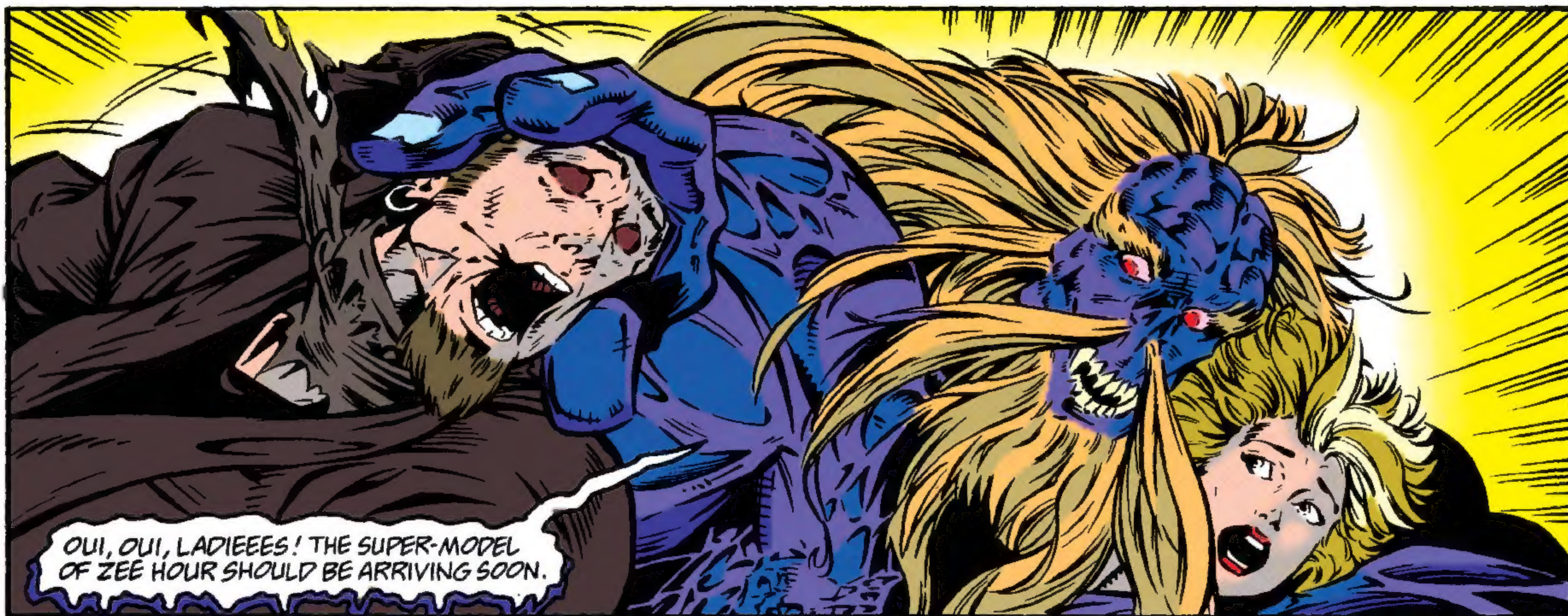
OOOH, I BELIEVE THAT POOR MR. LAVOUR MISSED HIS TRUE CALLING.

FASHION DESIGN WAS A WASTE OF HIS TIME. HE SHOULD HAVE PLAYED BASKETBALL.

OOH... UHHH!

CHECK HIS HANG TIME! HAAHHAHHH!





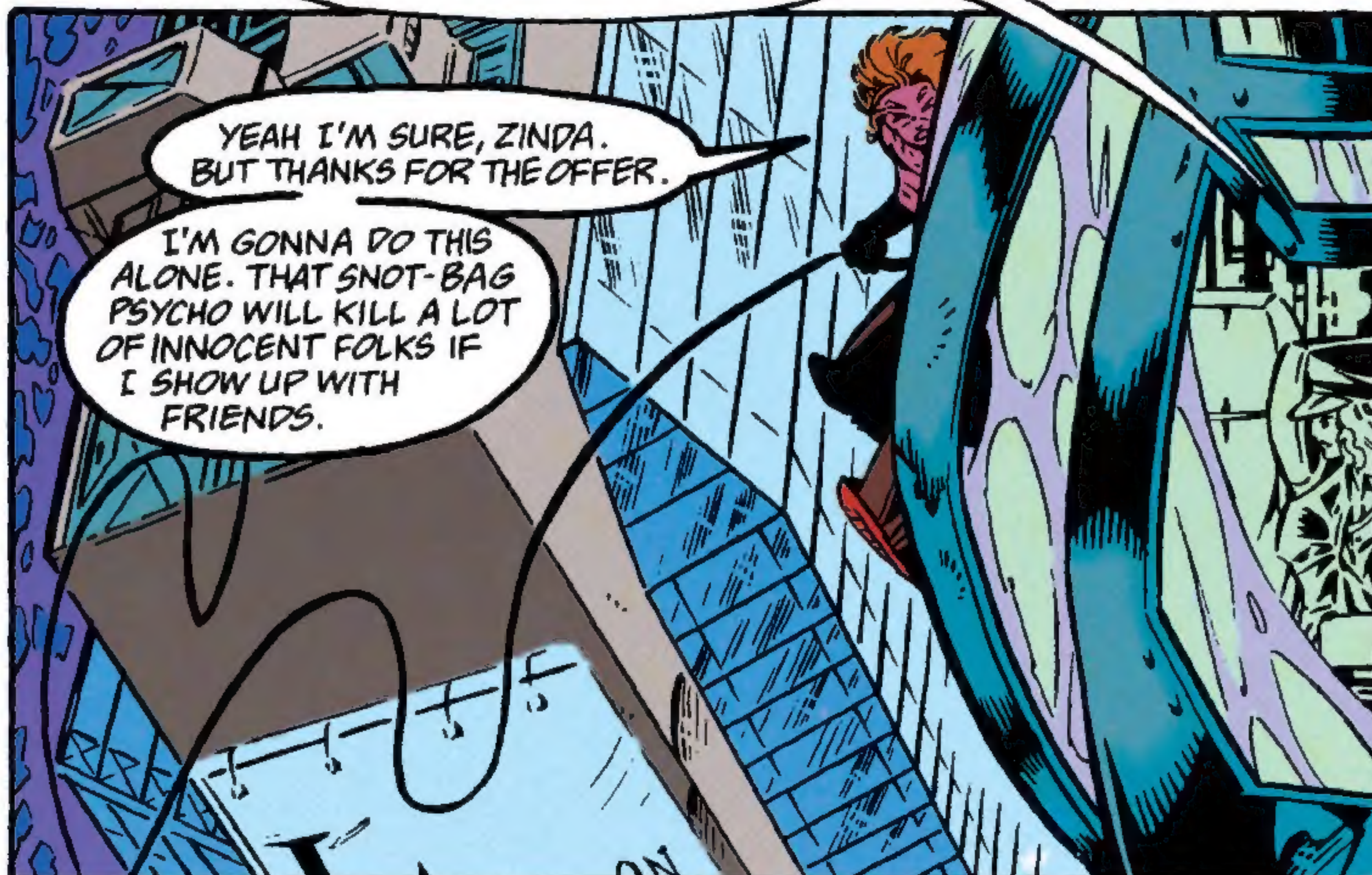
OUI, OUI, LADIEEES! THE SUPER-MODEL OF ZEE HOUR SHOULD BE ARRIVING SOON.



OOH, I HOPE HE/SHE ISN'T WEARING THAT PRAB OUTFIT WITH ALL OF THOSE TACKY TATTOOS.

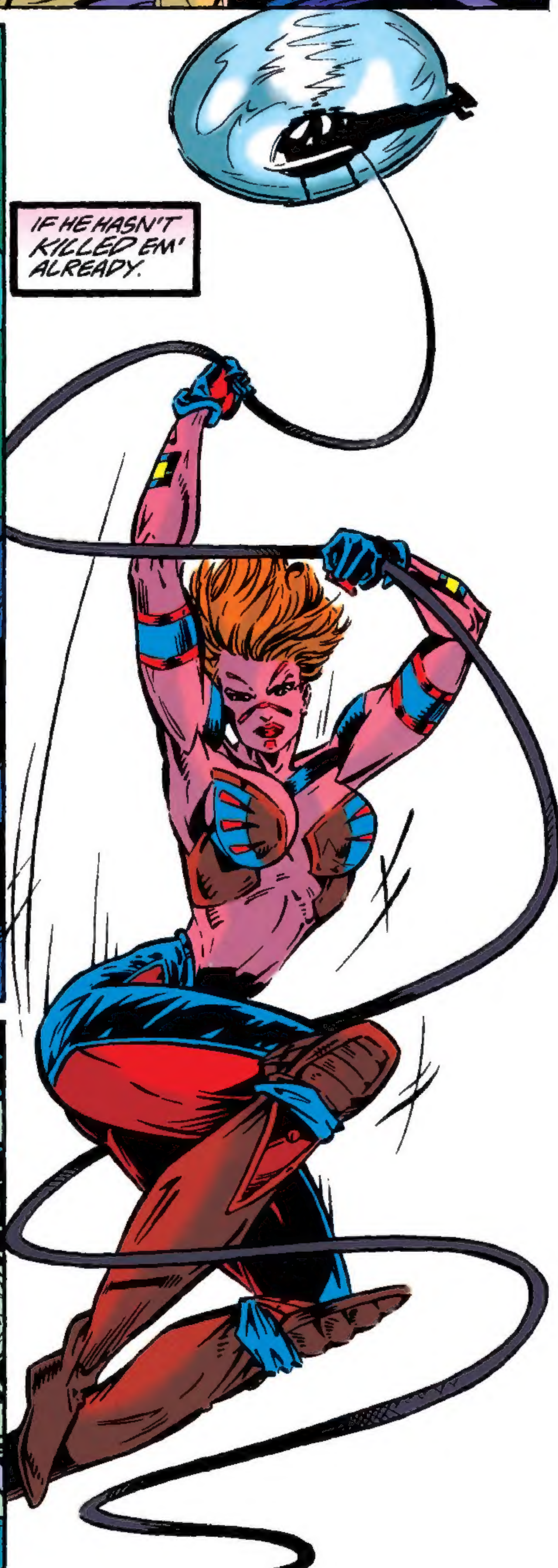
IT WILL SO CLASH WITH WHAT I HAVE IN MIND. TEE-HEEH-HEEH!

GUY... UH, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU? DEMENTOR IS NO PUSHOVER.



YEAH I'M SURE, ZINDA. BUT THANKS FOR THE OFFER.

I'M GONNA DO THIS ALONE. THAT SNOT-BAG PSYCHO WILL KILL A LOT OF INNOCENT FOLKS IF I SHOW UP WITH FRIENDS.

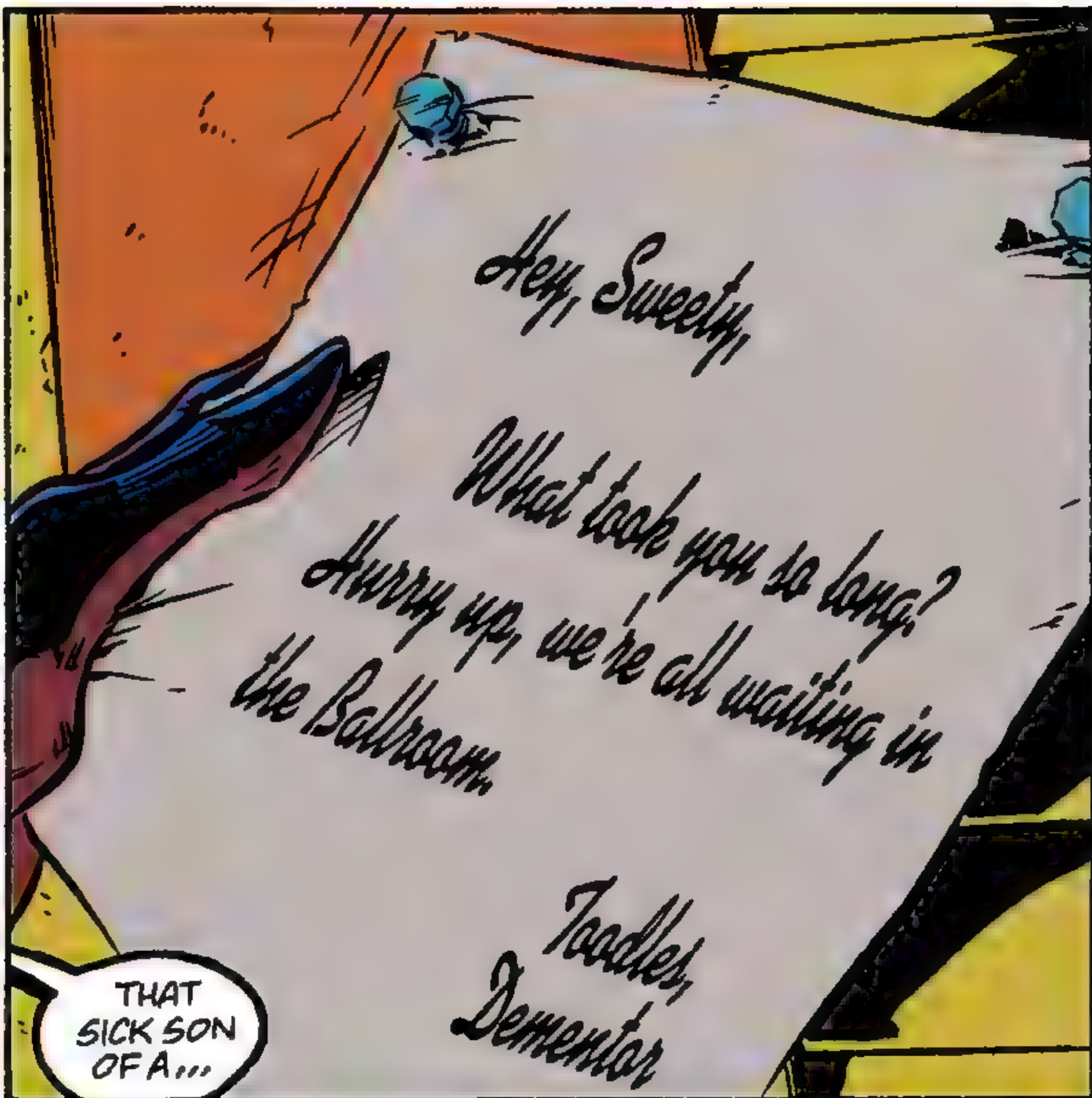


IF HE HASN'T KILLED EM' ALREADY.





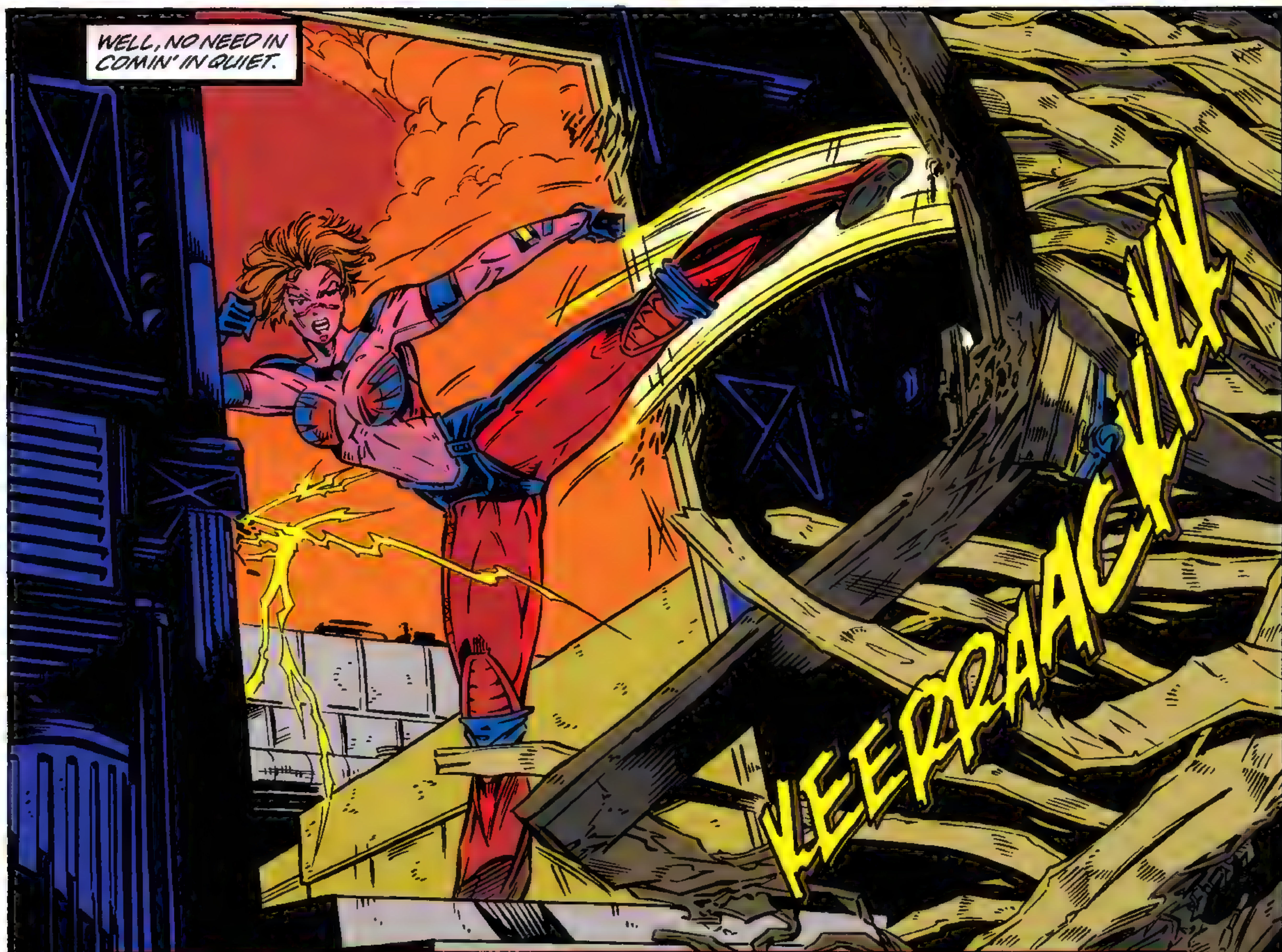
AWW, GREAT.  
WHAT'S THIS?



Hey, Sweetie,  
What took you so long?  
Hurry up, we're all waiting in  
the Ballroom.

Toadies,  
Dementor

THAT  
SICK SON  
OF A...



WELL, NO NEED IN  
COMIN' IN QUIET.

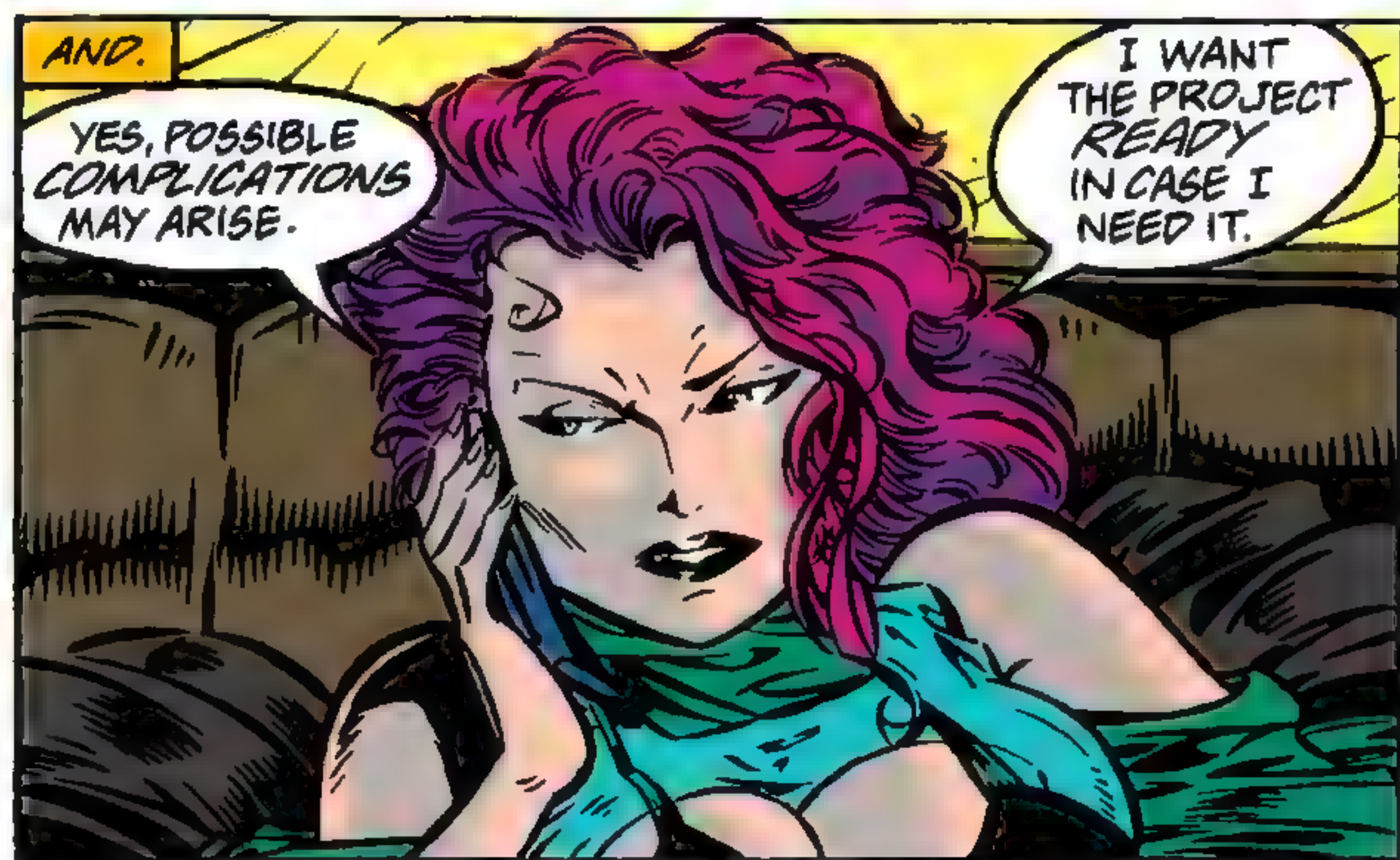
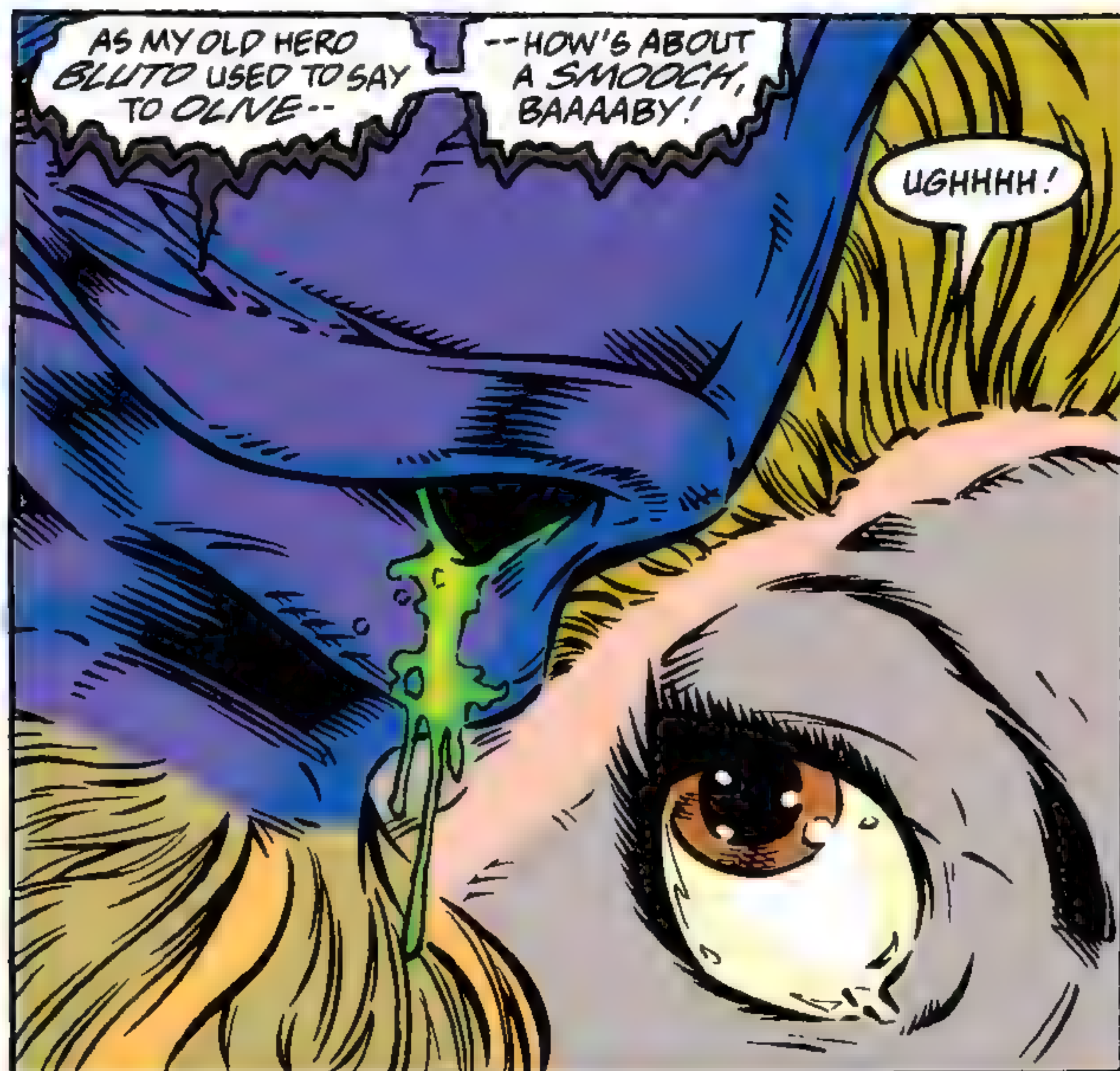
KEEPPAAC



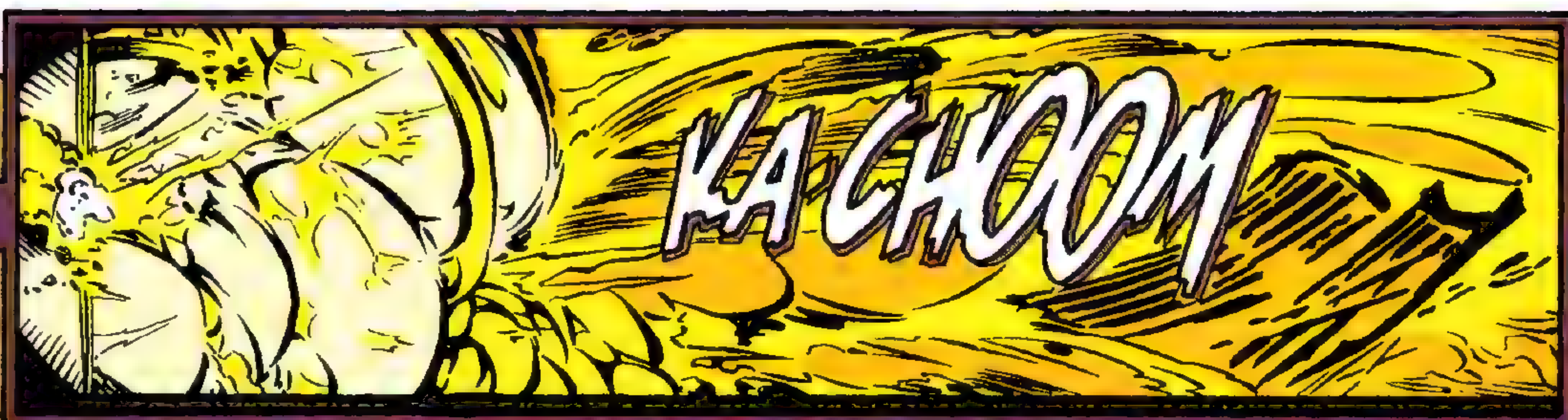
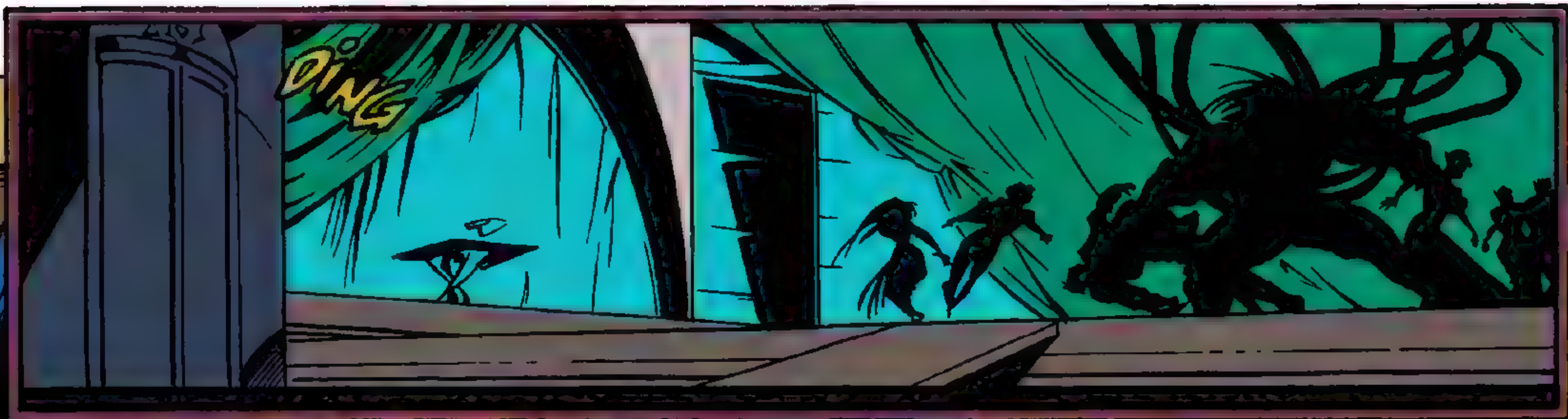
HMMM... I CAN SENSE  
DEMENTOR'S TWISTED  
THOUGHTS. HE HAS SOME  
SORT OF MIND SHIELD  
WORKING FOR HIM.

THIS  
MIGHT  
POSE A  
PROBLEM,  
GENTLEMEN.









YOU AIN'T GETTIN' OFF LIGHT THIS TIME, DEMENTOR.

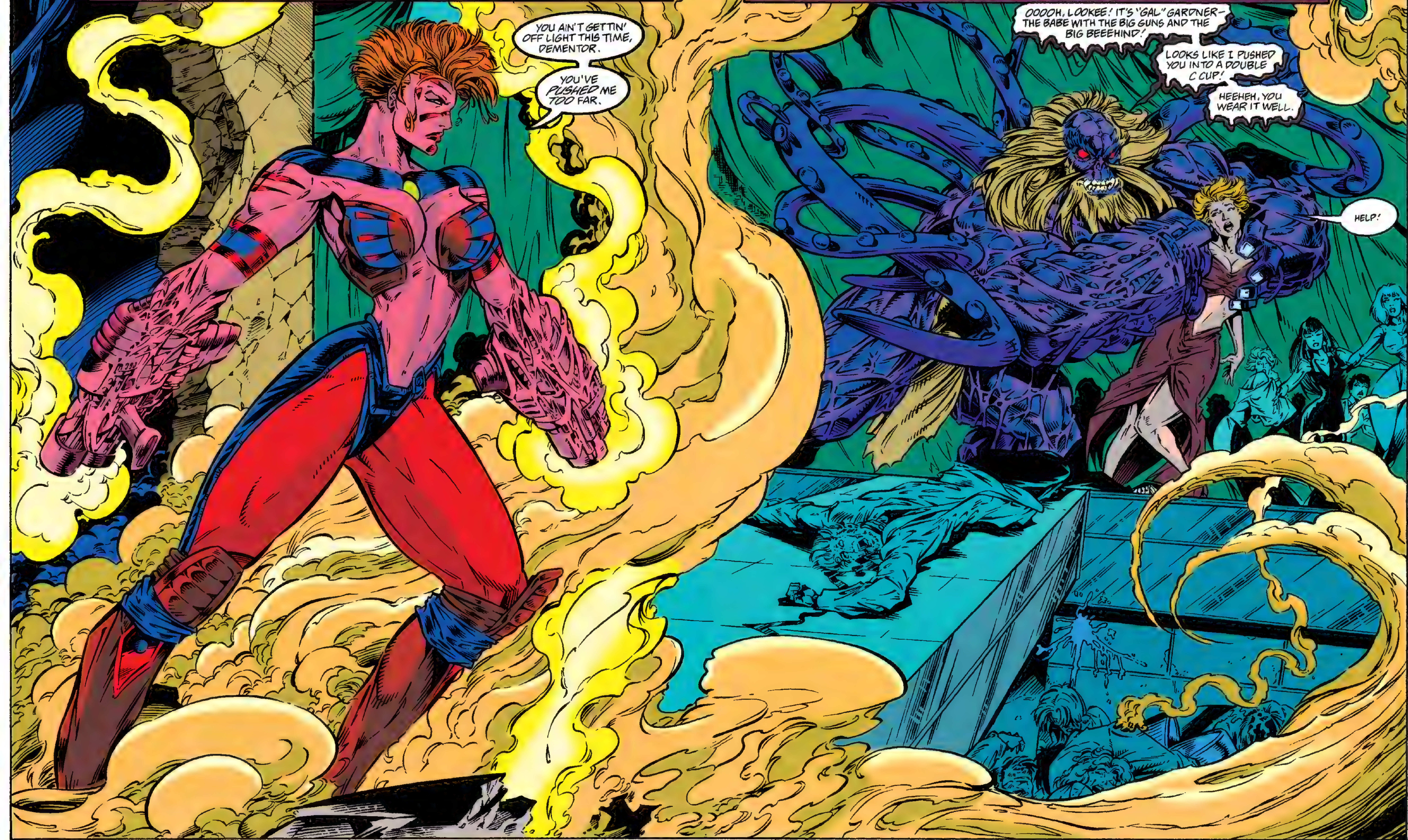
YOU'VE PUSHED ME TOO FAR.

OOOOH, LOOKEE! IT'S 'GAL' GARDNER—THE BABE WITH THE BIG GUNS AND THE BIG BEEHIND!

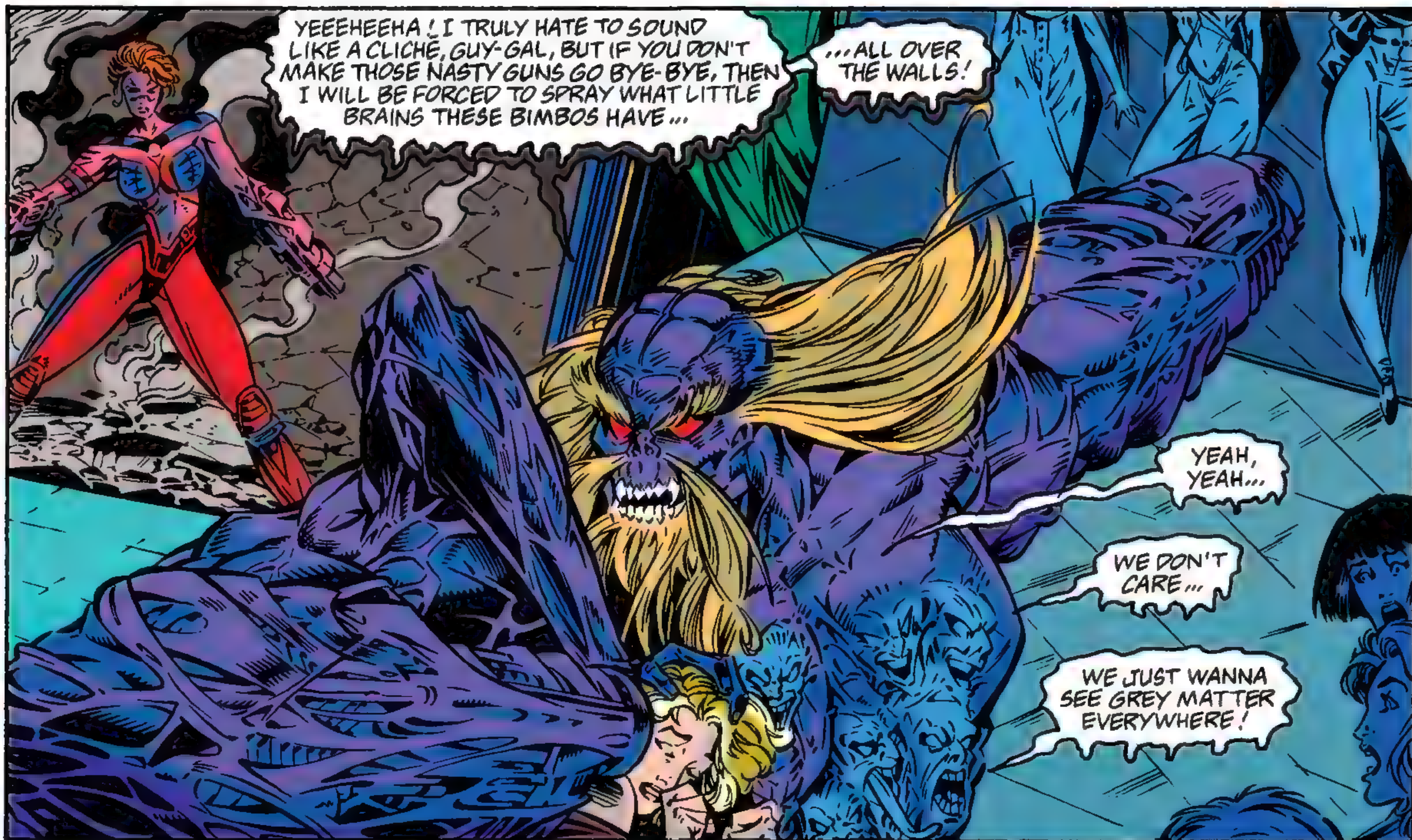
LOOKS LIKE I PUSHED YOU INTO A DOUBLE C CUP!

HEEHEH. YOU WEAR IT WELL.

HELP!







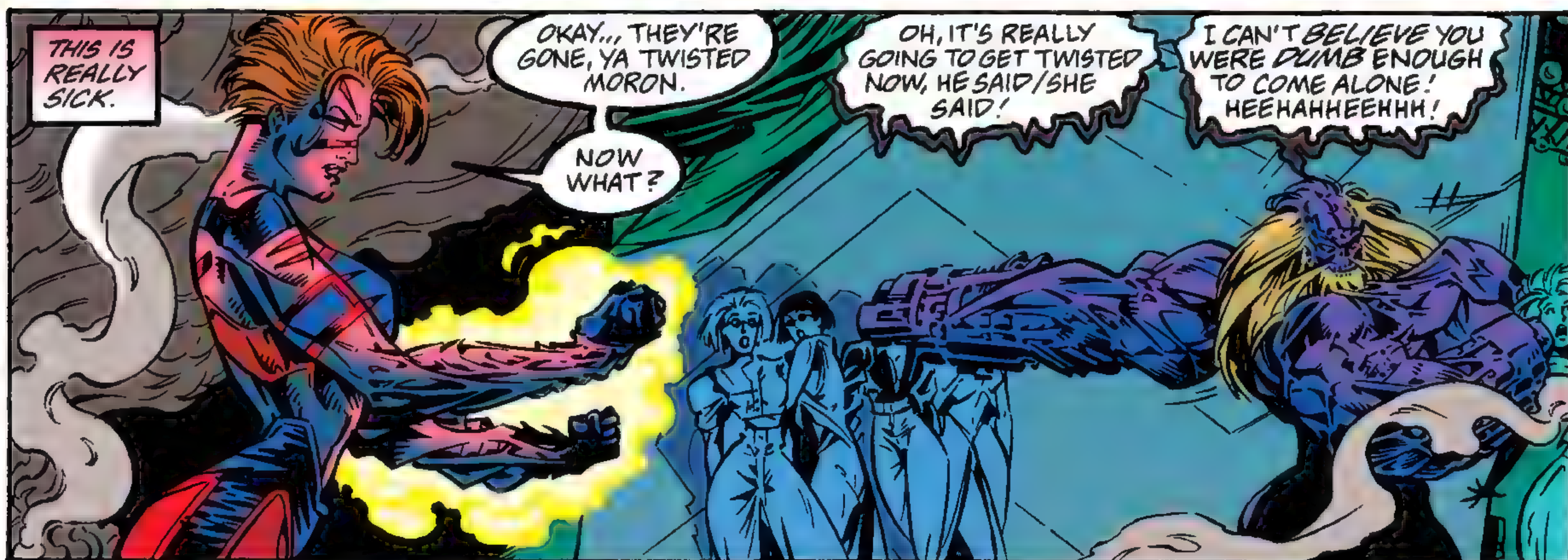
YEEHEEHA! I TRULY HATE TO SOUND LIKE A CLICHE, GUY-GAL, BUT IF YOU DON'T MAKE THOSE NASTY GUNS GO BYE-BYE, THEN I WILL BE FORCED TO SPRAY WHAT LITTLE BRAINS THESE BIMBOS HAVE...

...ALL OVER THE WALLS!

YEAH, YEAH...

WE DON'T CARE...

WE JUST WANNA SEE GREY MATTER EVERYWHERE!



THIS IS REALLY SICK.

OKAY,, THEY'RE GONE, YA TWISTED MORON.

NOW WHAT?

OH, IT'S REALLY GOING TO GET TWISTED NOW, HE SAID/SHE SAID!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO COME ALONE! HEEHAHHEEHHH!



QUITE A FEW COVERT MILES AWAY IN THE LABS OF QUORUM.

WE'RE ON STANDBY. IS EVERYTHING READY?

YES, THE HYPER-TRANSPORT IS READY TO TAKE "THE PACKAGE" TO THE DESIGNATED LOCALE.



YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY A CHURCH-GOING MAN, BUT...

...LORD, I PITY THE TARGET OF THIS MONSTER.





WELCOME, MY CAPTIVE AUDIENCE. WELCOME TO THE FIRST ANNUAL DEMENTED FALL FASHIONS FROM HELL!

ALL DESIGNS AND HUMILIATIONS ARE FROM MY OWN LURID THOUGHTS.



WE ARE SOOO LUCKY TO HAVE THE LATEST SUPER MODEL TO SWAY AND SASHAY THESE ORIGINALS BEFORE YOUR IMPRISONED EYES.



STRAIGHT FROM HIS SURPRISE SEX-CHANGE WAKE-UP CALL, MAY I PRESENT...

...THE CURVY,

THE SWEETVY,

AND OH SO SURLY...



I'M GONNA HAVE TO KILL HIM.

GUY GARDNER  
**WARRIORETTE!**





I'M TOO SEXY  
FOR MY SHIRT, TOO  
SEXY FOR MY SHIRT.  
I'M ON THE  
CATWALK,  
BABY!

GRRR...  
I'M GLAD  
I DIDN'T  
BRING  
ANY  
HELP.

I WOULD'VE  
HAD TO KILL  
THEM TO  
KEEP EM'  
QUIET  
ABOUT  
THIS.

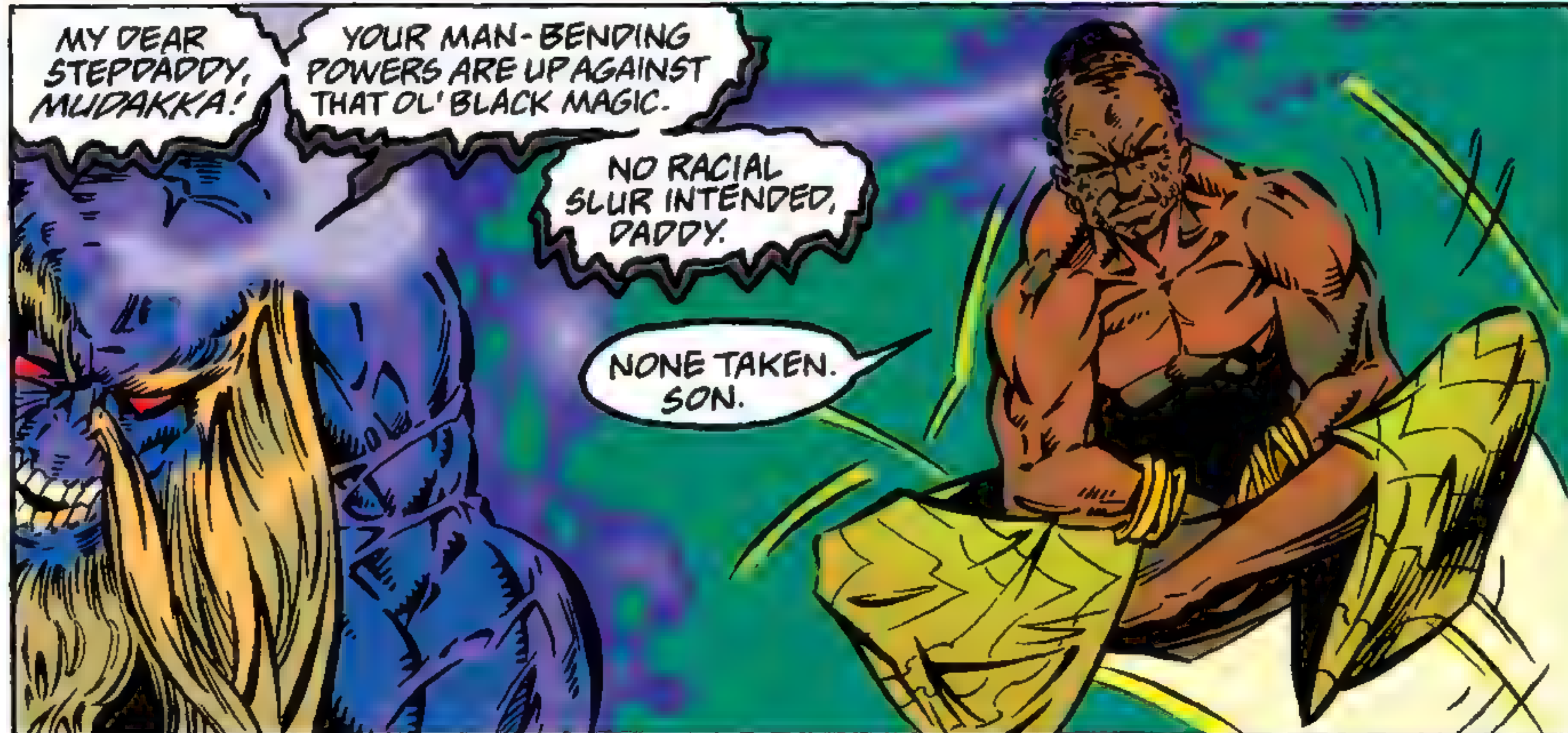
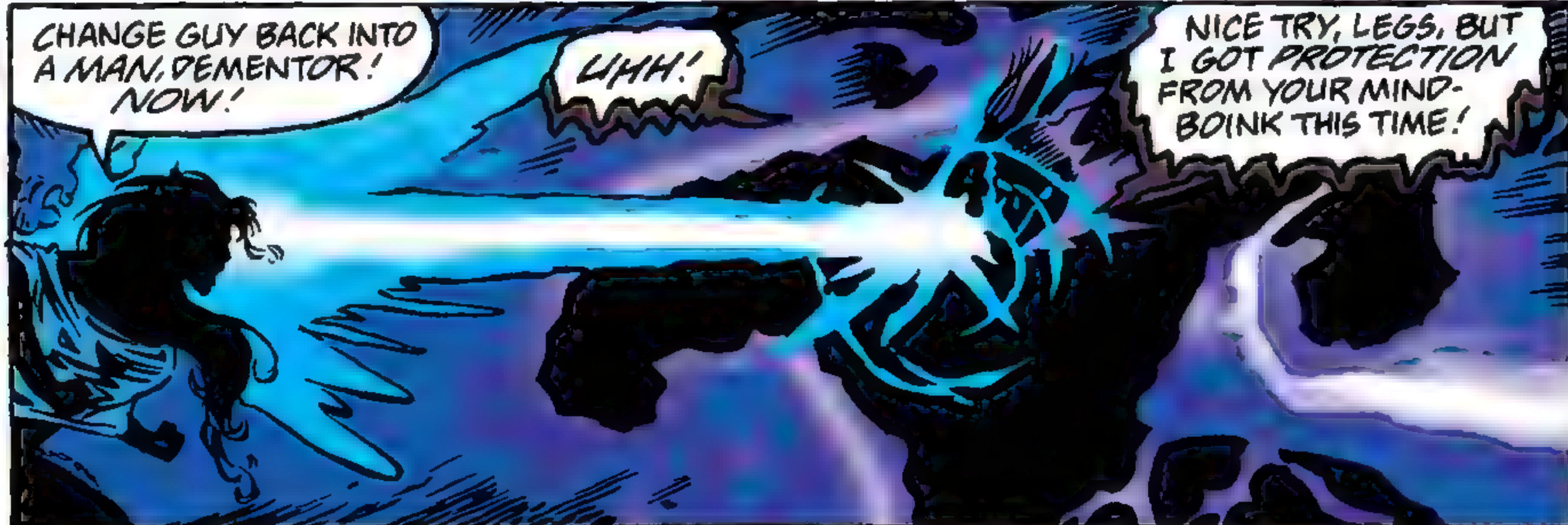
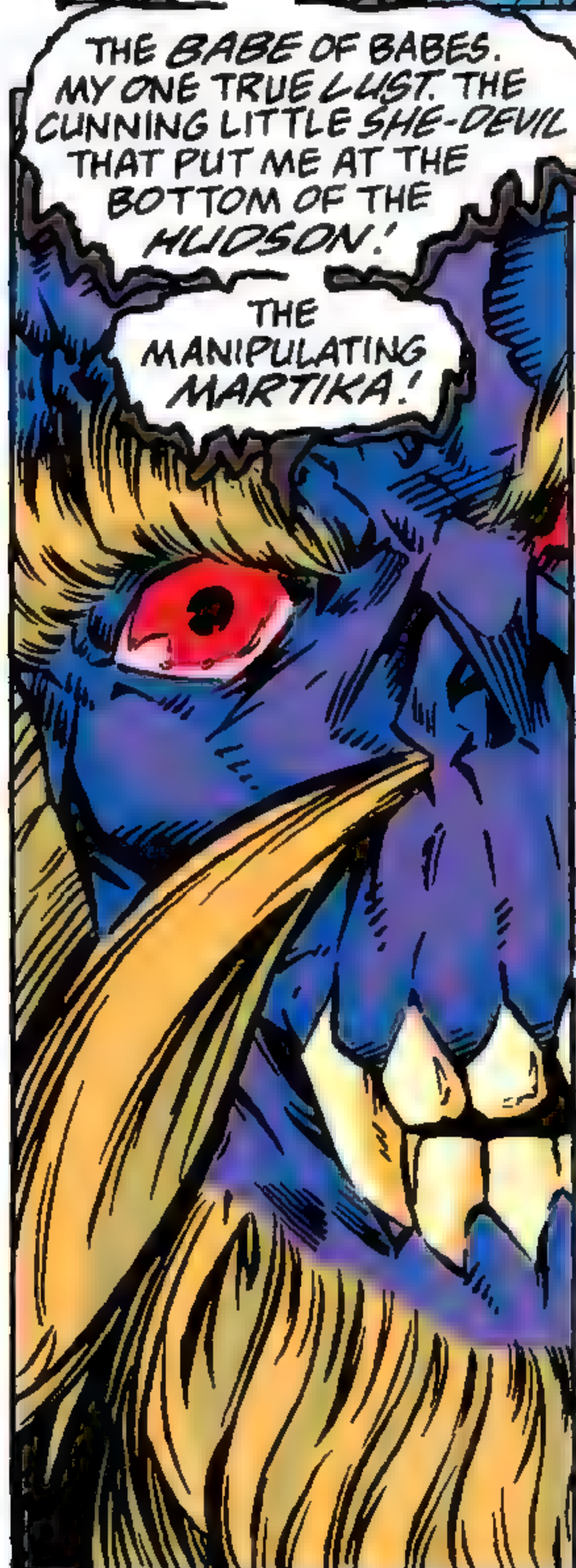
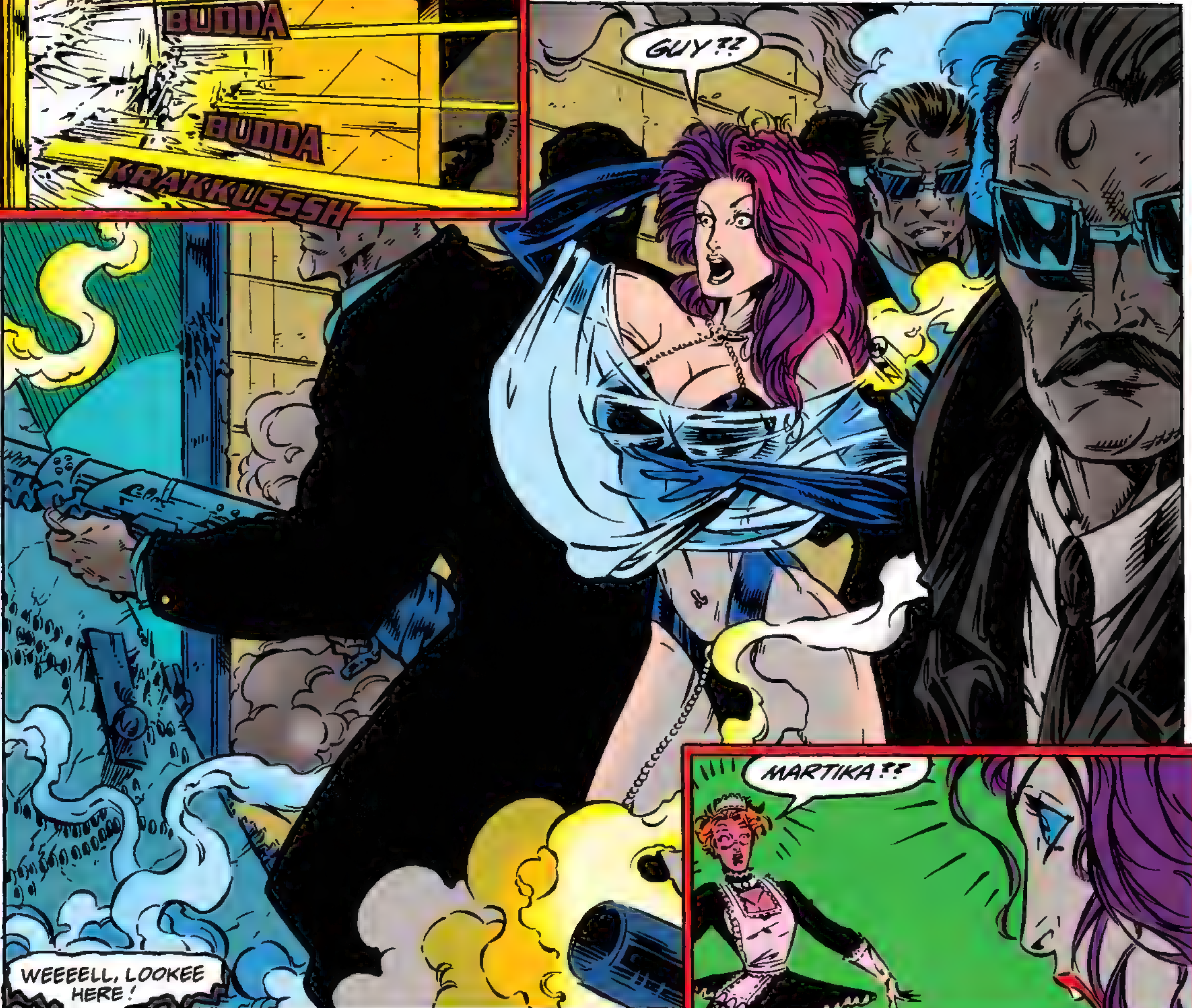
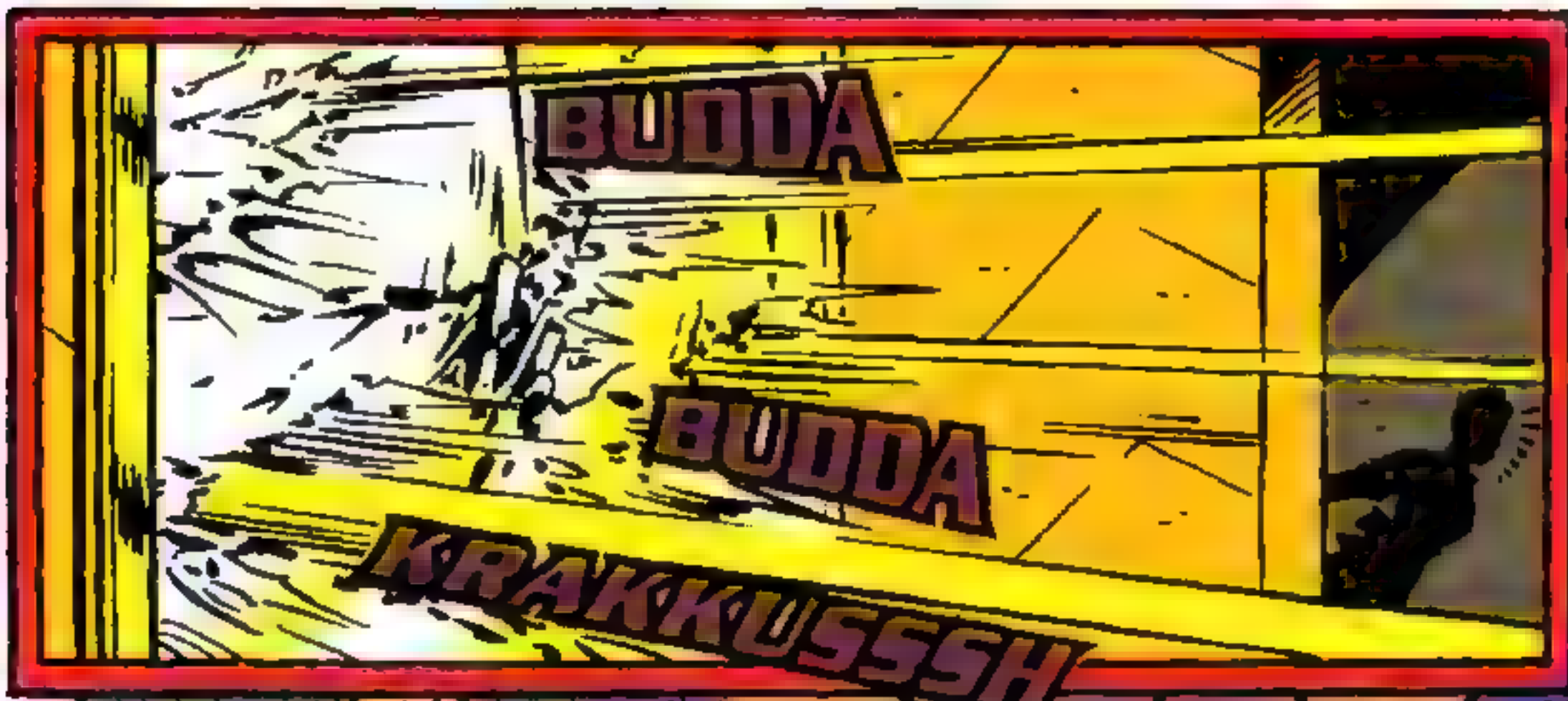
OOOOH,  
SHAKE IT,  
DON'T BREAK  
IT, BABY!

HUBBA  
HUBBA, CHECK  
DEM' BUBBAS!

IT'S  
SHOWGAL!!!  
RATED NC-17!!

PLEASE!!!  
DON'T LET  
HIM KILL  
US.









CHARLES,  
TAKE CARE  
OF IT.

AS YOU  
WISH,  
MARTIKA.



AAAGGHHHH!

BUDDA  
BUDDA  
BUDDA



NOOOO!  
DADDY...  
DADDY, SAY  
IT AIN'T  
SO.



BAD MOVE, BABY. I WAS  
PLANNIN' ON MAKIN' YOU  
MY MAIN SQUEEZE.  
NOW I'M JUST GONNA  
MAKE YOU REAL DEAD!

WITH DEMENTOR BAWLIN' ABOUT  
THE WITCH DOCTOR, IT WAS A  
GOOD TIME TO FREE THE BABES.



YOU  
LADIES GET  
OUTTA HERE...  
PRONTO!



IT AIN'T MY  
MANLY SELF,  
BUT IT'S LESS  
EMBARRASSING  
THAN THAT MAID  
OUTFIT.





...LIGHHHHHH!

YOU'LL DO NOTHING, TALL, DARK, AND PSYCHOTIC. I WASN'T PLANNING ON HAVING YOU IN THE MIX, BUT YOU WILL COME IN HANDY.

NOW, MY PET. CHANGE GUY BACK TO HIS HUNKY MALE SELF. DO IT FOR ME, SWEETHEART.  
I HAVE PLANS FOR THE DEAR BOY.



ANYTHING YOU SAY, LEGS.



YOU'RE... CONTROLLING HIS MIND? VERONNA SAID YOU WERE MUCKIN' WITH MY MIND... HOW??



ALL ENHANCED GENETICS AND DNA. I'M A MIND BENDER BY BIRTH. MY UNDERLINGS AND YOUR FRIENDS AT QUORUM SIMPLY... AMPLIFIED THINGS.

I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR WOMEN MESSIN' WITH MY HEAD. EVEN MORE SO IF THEY'RE HEADIN' UP QUORUM--THE FUTZES THAT KILLED MY BROTHER.

YOU AND YOUR NEW BOY-TOY NEED A SPANKIN'!

ONCE BACK IN YOUR MALE BODY, YOU'LL BE MINE... AND QUORUM'S!





AS INVITING  
AS THAT SOUNDS, GUY,  
I MUST ABSTAIN.

IN YOUR MALE FORM, YOU'LL  
BE JUST ANOTHER WELL-BUILT  
PLAYTHING FOR MARTIKA!



FLATTERY AIN'T  
GONNA MAKE IT  
HAPPEN, BABE.

SORRY, YA GOTTA  
HAVE THE PROPER I. D.  
TO GET INTO THIS  
HEAD, MARTIKA.

NO!  
HOW??

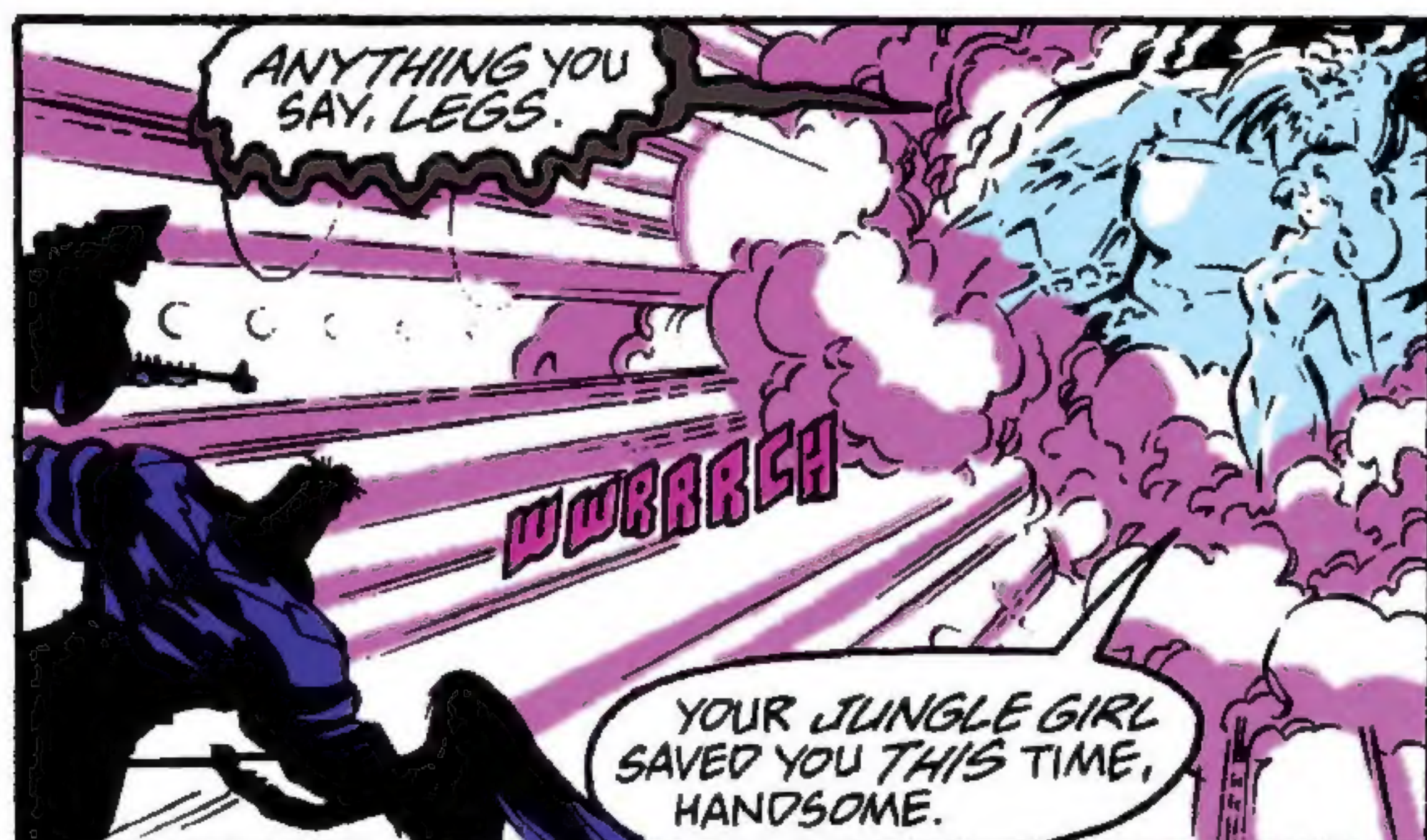


MY BOND WITH  
THE WARRIOR KING  
WILL KEEP HIM  
FROM YOUR SPELLS,  
SORCERESS!

VERONNA!

NOW IS NOT  
THE TIME FOR A  
SHOWDOWN.  
DEMENTOR,  
TAKE US  
FROM HERE...  
NOW.

AND A DRUM OF STEEL-  
JACKETED .45'S WILL KEEP  
YOU JUMPING!



ANYTHING YOU  
SAY, LEGS.

WARRRCH

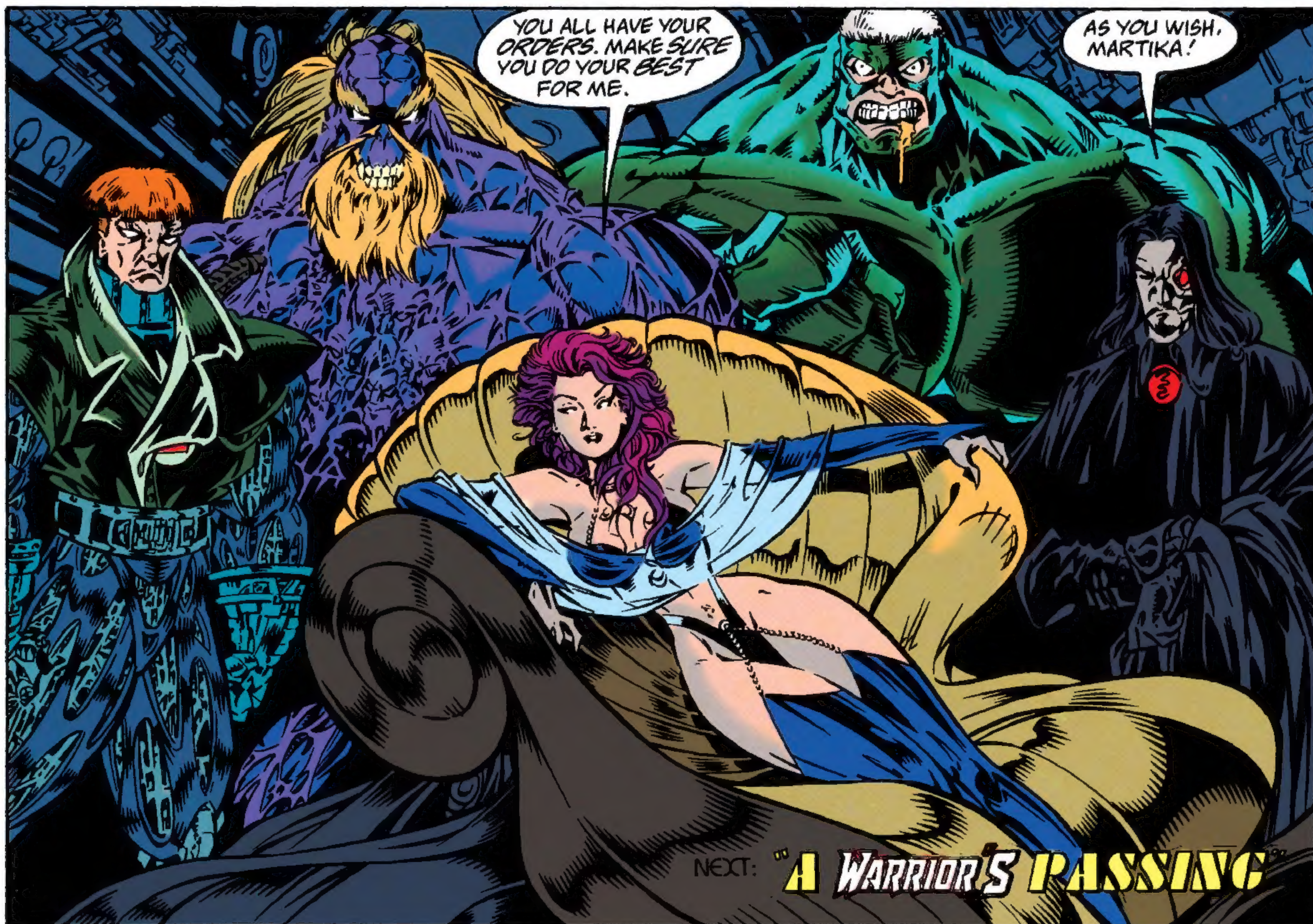
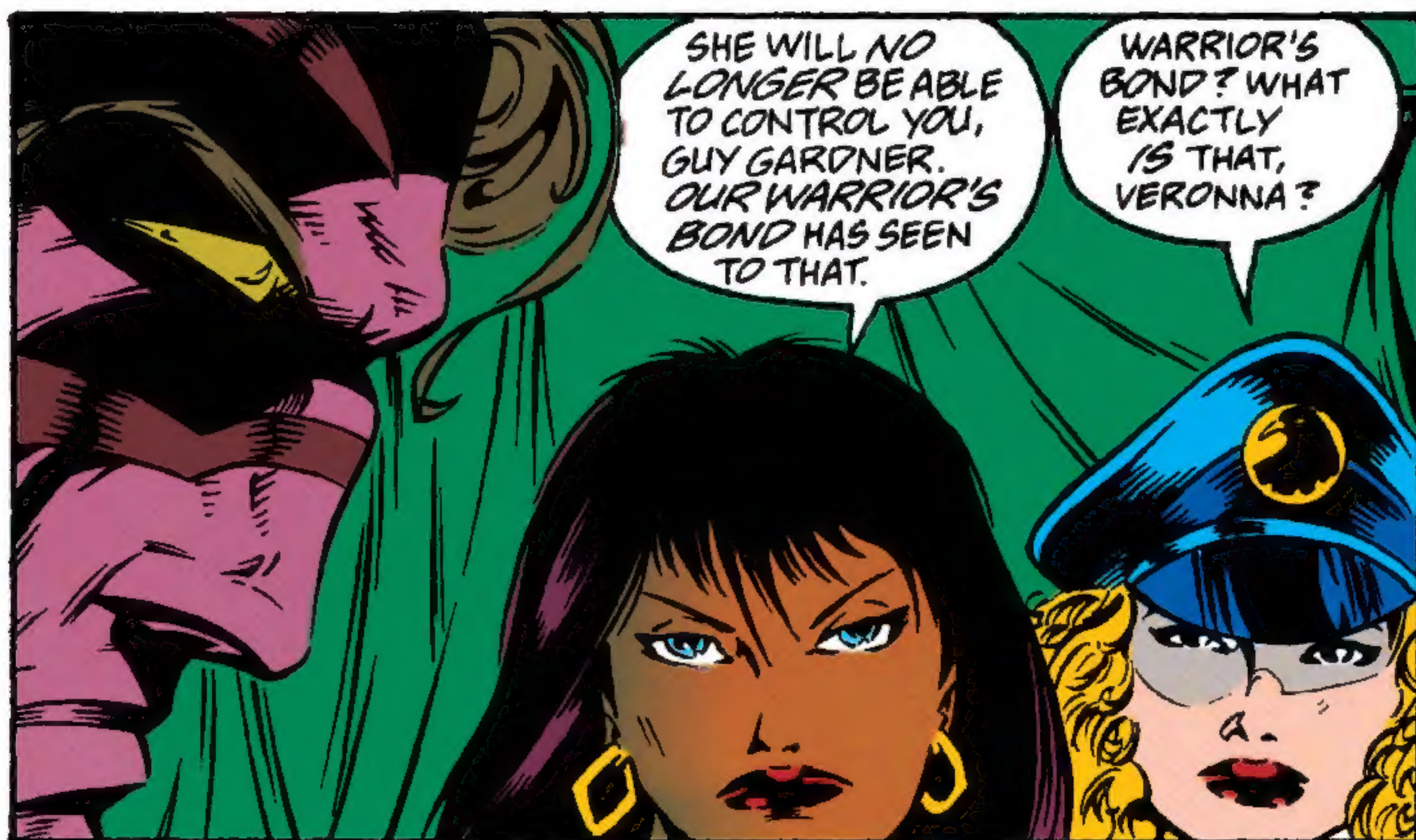
YOUR JUNGLE GIRL  
SAVED YOU THIS TIME,  
HANDSOME.



AH, NO!  
YOU AIN'T...

BUT  
AS THEY  
SAY...







From Baaldur, with love...

# GLORITH

